



**VOX  
FLUMINIS**  
1942

*President*  
*(Balmord Hall)*



*United Church of Canada*

# UNITED COLLEGE

*in affiliation with*  
**THE UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA**

*(Students are offered courses in:*

**FACULTY OF ARTS AND SCIENCE** leading to the B.A. Degree  
and including pre-professional courses for: Commerce, Engineering, Law, Medicine, etc.

**COLLEGIATE**—Grade XI (Matriculating), Grade XII (Entrance  
to Second Year and Normal School)

**FACULTY OF THEOLOGY**—Diploma and B.D. Courses

*Additional Facilities:*

**RESIDENCE** for men and women.

**STUDENTS' ACTIVITIES:** Athletics, Debating, Dramatics, Etc.

**CENTRALLY LOCATED, LARGE CAMPUS, SKATING RINK**

*Correspondence is requested*

**WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**

VOX FLUMINIS



RIVERBEND

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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WINNIPEG, CANADA



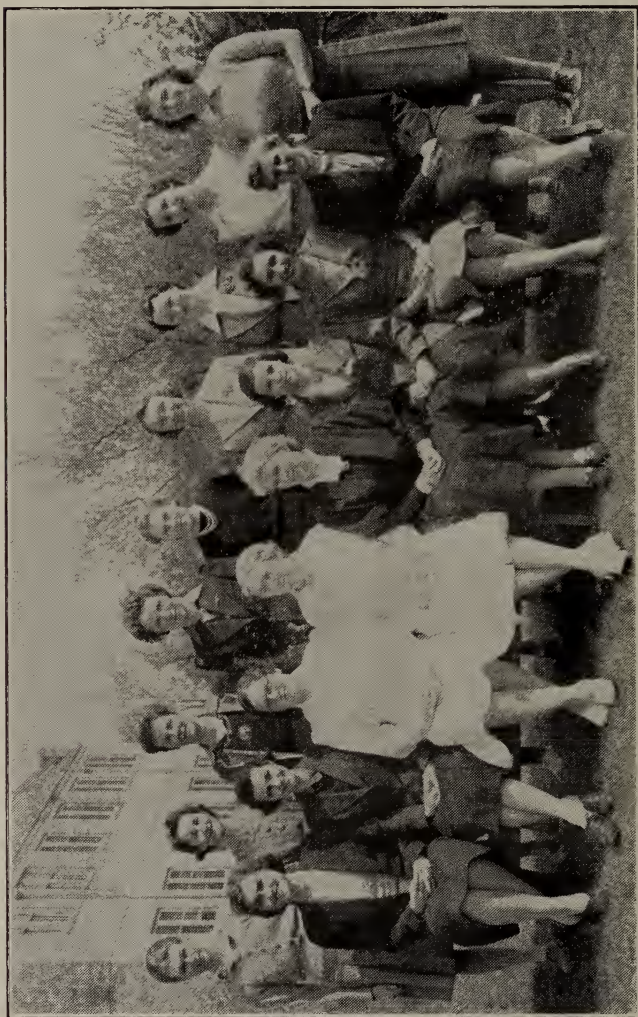
# DEDICATION

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*To Miss Carter we  
dedicate this 1942  
volume of  
"Vox Fluminis"*



## RIVERBEND STAFF



BACK Row—Miss Bell, Miss Douglas, Miss Hobbs, Miss Shepley, Mrs. Jobin, Miss Crawshaw,  
Mrs. Price, Miss Rutherford, Miss McGuinness.

FRONT Row—Miss Stuart, Miss McWhirter, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Munroe, Miss Carter (Headmistress),  
Miss Voorheis, Mrs. Laing, Miss Burns.

# VOX FLUMINIS

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## EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor .....	VIRGINIA ROSS GEORGE
Literary Editor .....	HELEN McLEAN
Business Manager .....	ISOBEL RICE-JONES
Advertising .....	{ NANCY COMPLIN
	{ ELEANOR SOUTH
Activities .....	DULCIE ELLERSHAW
Sports .....	MILDRED LONGSTAFFE

## ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

Grades V and VI .....	MERCEDES GEORGE
Grades VII and VIII .....	ROBERTA BRINGHURST
Grades IX .....	PEGGY AULD
Grade X .....	ELIZABETH AULD

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## *Editorial*

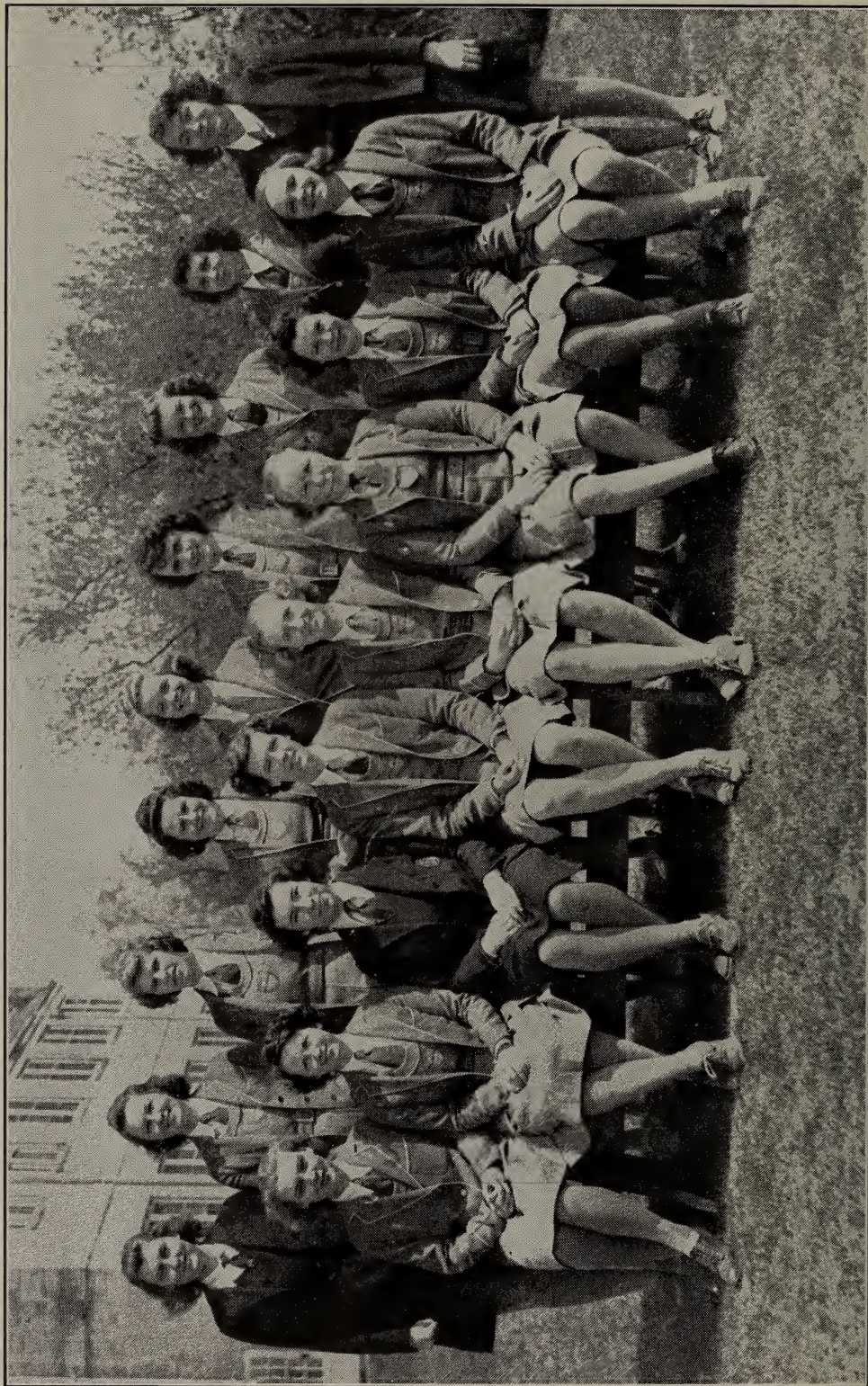


ANOTHER successful Riverbend year is at a close. Another *Vox Fluminis* is awaiting its readers. Those of us who have worked together to produce this magazine have gained a deeper understanding of all the tasks that must be performed before a Year Book can come into being.

This has been a full and satisfying year, and between the covers of this book we have tried to give you a cross-section picture of its many activities: Guides and Brownies; basketball, volley ball, badminton, archery; plays; debates; verse-writing and story writing, parties; Friday afternoon lectures. But behind all these one great problem has loomed: How can we help to win this war? Under Miss Carter's guidance we have endeavoured to do our small bit toward bringing back peace to earth.

We who are going out from Riverbend hand on to our successors the Riverbend torch, a torch which symbolizes honor and truth and work and faith. We have many fragrant memories to cherish; we have many dreams to dream, many wishes to make. But to the Grade XI's of 1942-43 goes our most sincere wish of all, a wish that the year of their graduation may be one of peace.





# GRADE XI

BACK Row—Penelope Hodgson, Eileen Garrioch, Joan Pickard, Jessie Dangerfield, Jane Lee, Helen Palk, Betty Jean Adamson, Virginia Ross George, Patricia Northcote.

FRONT Row—Doris Cook, Jean Love, Anne Kingsley, Betty Dowler, Joan Harris, Helen McLean, Jean McNern, Isobel Rice-Jones.



# CLASS NOTES

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## GRADE XII

Marj. Kehm from Chicago, Illinois. Makes one of a large class of three in Grade XII. Black hair with red streak, hazel eyes. Favourite expression, "Oh boy!" Likes St. John's College and music, especially the former. Dislikes people who are late for class. Worst subject, Chemistry. Best subject, French. Favourite pastime, phone calls.

Dulcie Ellershaw from Liverpool England. Came to Canada, July 1940. Brown hair, blue eyes. Favourite expression, "Oh darn!" Likes letters from England and Gordon Bell School. Dislikes boys with dirty shoes and without ties. Worst subject, Chemistry. Best subject, French. Favourite pastime, indulging in pineapple sodas.

Kaye Wallace from Emerson, Manitoba. Light brown hair, spray of freckles, grey-green eyes. Favourite expression, "I just about popped." Likes music, and the C. P. R. Dislikes sarcasm. Worst subject, History. Best subject, the Novel. Favourite pastime, weekends.

Characteristic of room is that nobody ever seems to be in it.

## GRADE XI

(With all due apologies to Longfellow)

Should you ask us, "Whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions?"  
We should answer, we should tell you:  
"From a class-room, in a building  
Near a slowly bending river,  
From a class-room filled with students  
In their year of graduation.

Near the window of that class-room  
You would find June with her pencil,  
June with head bent o'er her paper,  
Drawing, scribbling, scribbling, drawing.

Leaning 'gainst the radiator  
Which is found between the windows,  
You would find our precious 'Penny'  
Shouting 'salvage' to her classmates.  
In the midst of bits of paper  
Looking far off through the window,  
You would come upon our 'Janie'  
Who would greet you most peculiar.  
Next to her you'd find a student  
On whose heart this word is written,  
Do not hasten to behold it—  
'Tis her name, 'tis 'Love' is written.  
Someone just came in the doorway—  
Oh! It's Jean McNern and 'Meegan.'  
They work in the school library  
Where our books are kept quite carefully.

All this time there's been one lassie  
Who has never drawn attention;  
Eileen seems to be real quiet  
But at times she's not so bashful.  
'Tishy' there sits in a front seat,  
And she hopes one day to become  
A great actress—and we're hoping  
That she'll warn us when she's coming.  
Just behind our hopeful 'Tishy'  
Sits our 'Palkie' who has been here  
Ever since our dear school opened  
Its wide doors to laughing students.  
After Palk comes harassed Harris,  
Harris with the tidy (?) coiffure.  
She's the one who's always asking  
Everyone for things she hasn't.  
In the corner by the lockers  
Sits Virginia telling [censored].  
Adding to the conversation  
You'd find Pickard [also censored].  
Suddenly a burst of laughter  
Drowns the chatter of the others,  
Betty Jean, our class-room howler,  
Thinks that something's very funny.  
Meanwhile Jessie, having managed  
To stop Janie's little day dreams,  
Tells her of her latest heart-throb,  
Who is, yes that's right, an airman.  
Over there is artful Annie  
Who will be a great musician,

Or perhaps she'll just be mother  
 Of some happy English children.  
 In the centre of those school books  
 Which are spread in all directions  
 Sits dear Dowler, laughing, talking—  
 Up she jumps, Miss Hobbs is calling.  
 Isobel Rice-Jones is telling  
 All about her 'super' weekend;  
 And there's June King, newest member  
 Of our class of Grade Elev'ners.  
 Then to your complete amazement  
 The scene changes, very slowly;  
 Silence, order, and blank faces  
 Greet Miss Shepley as she enters."

### GRADE X

The perfect form formed from the  
 perfect form.

Elizabeth Auld—voice.  
 Jane Becker—chin.  
 Pat Bernard—colour of hair.  
 Marylyn Carey—hands.  
 Nancy Complin—neck and shoulders.  
 Jean Gardiner—complexion.  
 Barbara Hunt—eyes and eyelashes.  
 Lorraine Ingram—mouth.  
 Elizabeth Irish—teeth.  
 Betty Leslie—hair style.  
 Mildred Longstaffe—smile.  
 Betty McGuinness—humour.  
 Ann Parkhill—personality  
 Jean Parrish—dimples.  
 Kitty Rainey—vivacity.  
 Rosa Rayner—forehead.  
 Kathleen Richardson—eyebrows.  
 Audrey Robb—oval face.  
 Eleanor South—nose.  
 Betty Shiels—legs.  
 Louise Trewhitt—height.  
 Helen Trickey—feet.  
 Figure—you may take your choice.  
 Miss McWhirter, the lucky lady who  
 gazes daily on these beauties.

### GRADE IX

#### If for Grade IX

If Miss Jackson ever sat down and  
 gave up,  
 If Sherry ever stopped asking Joan for  
 knitting instructions,  
 If Peggy ever stopped whispering to  
 Valery,  
 If Clare couldn't draw glamorous faces,  
 If Robin ever stopped arguing,

If Donalda ever stopped talking,  
 If Joanie Clegg couldn't play the piano,  
 If Margaret never opened the windows,  
 If Betty ever stopped receiving letters,  
 If Jill ever stopped borrowing,  
 If Valery were six feet tall,  
 If Marion was ever in the right class,  
 If Joan Ross ever completed a diet,  
 If Marie ever rattled off a Latin verb  
 without hesitating,  
 If Margery wasn't knitting,  
 If Joyce stopped tending things,  
 If Lois couldn't skate,  
 If Nancy never laughed,  
 If Pat wasn't carving an initial on her  
 desk,  
 If Grade IX was ever ready for class  
 in time,  
 Grade IX wouldn't be Grade IX.

### VII-VIII CLASS NOTES

Miss McInnis is our teacher.  
 (All our sins are sure to reach her!)  
 Ellen Kinneard's our class example,  
 As for height, they gave her ample.  
 Isobel Slater is a treasure  
 And she's fond of lots of pleasure.  
 Gail Graham's a funny duck  
 Who gathers all our salvage up.  
 Roberta next, the witty one,  
 Who gives us all just heaps of fun.  
 Shirley Swail's as round as a posy,  
 Looks at all things bright and rosy.  
 Dorothy Dean has sense of humor,  
 (On my word, that's not just rumor).  
 Our new girl's Rowena Owen,  
 To Rhode Island she is goin'.  
 Now I'll tell you of Grade Seven—  
 Just like angels up in heaven(?)  
 There are 'Ginia, Didi, Joyce,  
 Which ought to give sufficient choice.  
 In different works they all are wonders,  
 Although at times they've made some  
 blunders.  
 Next come Lorna, Marj'ry-Lynn—  
 And those two are unlike as sin.  
 We've two Mary's: Burns, Mackay—  
 The long and short of it, they say.  
 Vera Cook's a girl who's new,  
 Really has a sporty view.  
 In this closing let us add  
 That be she bright or be she bad,  
 One wish has each girl in the class:  
 "Though I don't work, pray let me  
 pass."

# ACTIVITIES

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## HOUSE NOTES

House meetings, hampers, picnics, Old Girls' Day, Lilac Tea, games and house points comprise the schedule for Douglas, Garry, Nelson, and York Halls this year.

The "get-acquainted" house picnics held in the fall lived up to the old standard of "fun for all."

As usual, Garry, Nelson, and York prepared Christmas hampers for needy families, while Douglas Hall held its party for the children at Point Douglas Mission.

At the Lilac Tea to be held in late May, the four houses will have their tables.

The presentation of the trophy to the house winning the most points in the year will be made at Graduation. Every hall is working hard to gain points and all are hoping that they will win the shield.

N.C., K.R., E.A., K.M.R.

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## DEBATING

"Resolved that in war time in the current century, a country's Intelligence Service contributes more to the complete victory than its Air Force," was the question debated upon at Rupertsland School on Thursday, May 7th.

The debaters representing Riverbend School and defending the affirmative were Nancy Complin and Kathleen Richardson. Joan Harris, who was to have debated, was unable to do so and Kathleen took her place at very short notice. The debaters defending the negative were Kay Milner and Barbara Bonnick of Rupertsland. The three judges were: Miss Norton, Mr. Turner, and Mr. Orchard.

The debate itself was interesting and was presented in a very convincing

manner. The facts were well organized and aroused strong feelings for both sides. The decision that the judges gave, however, was for the affirmative.

After the debate, tea was served in the Kindergarten and Drawing Room.

We are especially proud of our two debaters and hope that they will represent us at future debates.

M.C.

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## GLEE CLUB NOTES

Every Friday afternoon Grades VII, VIII, IX, X, and XI attended Glee Club, which is held in the gymnasium.

Mr. Filmer E. Hubble, well known in musical circles throughout Winnipeg, is the leader and singing instructor this year. Miss Maurine Stuart is the accompanist. During the year many songs have been learned.

O. J. E.

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## GRADUATION 1941

On Thursday, June 12th, 1941, Riverbend School held its eleventh graduation in Westminster Church. Mrs. R. S. McWilliams addressed the twenty-three members of the graduating class, using as her theme the line, "My Mind to me a Kingdom Is."

Awards and prizes were presented to the students and graduates by Hon. R. F. McWilliams, Mr. H. C. Ashdown, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams, Mrs. J. V. Reid, and Mr. C. Gordon Smith.

Following the program at Westminster Church, the guests were invited to a garden party which was held in the school grounds. In the evening a dance was held at the home of Mrs. Aikins, for the graduates.

D. J. E.



**THE 65TH COMPANY**

The year 1941-42 marks another milestone along the road of guiding for the 65th Company of Riverbend School. The highlights of the year were the church parade, division inspection, and the circus party given by the Scarlet Tanager Patrol, although these were by no means the only activities of the Company. We have all been passing tests and badges and working on the projects of our Patrols and Company. Our two main efforts in this direction were to build a marionette's theatre, complete with marionettes and scenery, and also a doll's house, fully furnished. Neither of these projects has been completed as yet, but they have both been well started and will be finished next year.

The success of this year's activities is largely due to the energetic guidance of Miss Mary Harris and Miss Winnifred Ruth McIntyre. Through the interest which they have stimulated in the girls the Company now includes almost forty guides, who are preparing themselves to be useful citizens in the world of tomorrow.

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**FRIDAY AFTERNOON LECTURES**

During the spring term the Senior School was fortunate in having lectures almost every Friday afternoon on subjects of current interest.

Shortly after Christmas, Mrs. Macdonnell kindly consented to come to the school and give a talk on Current Events. Several lectures of this type followed, which gave us a good general knowledge of the background and progress of the war. We were shown clearly on a map the areas of combat, which helped us to understand our present situation. Our reading of war news was done with much more interest after these talks.

There were also lectures on "What We Can Do to Help," "Story Writing," and "First Aid," which were of timely help and interest to all.

With the closing of term the lectures ended but were so successful that we hope to continue them next year.

J. B.

**THE JUNIOR PLAY**

April was the day  
The Juniors had their play.  
From one to four,  
Each stood the floor  
Until the play was ended.

Diana Turner was the Queen,  
And we all did enjoy her scene.  
Donna was the wicked witch  
Who gave fair Daffodil the pitch  
To hurt poor little Snowdrop.

Nancy Smith was Teddy Bear,  
Who of course had much to dare.

He was the friend of Golliwog  
And got thm all out of a bog,  
So little Snowdrop won.

Elizabeth Moody,  
Grade V, Garry Hall.

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**THE JUNIOR PLAY**

On the afternoon of April 29th, Riverbend Junior School presented a play entitled "The Golliwog in Fairyland."

The main characters were: Golliwog, Elizabeth Ann Beaton; Teddy Bear, Nancy Smith; Daffodil, Cara Joy Hughes, and Snowdrop, Diane Johnson. The directors were Miss Crawshaw and Mrs. Price, the teachers of Grades I, II, III and IV, the classes which took part in the play. Silver collection was taken and they collected \$33.65, which will go to charitable institutions.

M. M.

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**THE BROWNIES**

At Riverbend School there are Brownies. They are the Sixty-fifth Pack. Some Brownies are working for their Golden Hands. These will meet together to pass their test on May 16th. Some others are working for their Golden Bars. Every Friday we go down to the dining-room and work for our Golden Hands and Golden Bars. There are four Sixers. These are the Elves, Fairies, Pixies, and Imps. We have a very pleasant time.

The Sixers are Nancy Smith, Nancy Henderson, Cecily Anne Gunne, and Cara Joy Hughes. Our Brown Owl is Mrs. Oliver.

M. S.

## "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

### or THE SENIOR PLAY

On Friday, April 24th, nine Riverbend Seniors put on "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, in the school gymnasium. The play was directed and produced by Miss Carter, who was assisted by several Grade X's as stage managers and property managers; also by the all-important curtain-pullers. Taking part were: Joan Harris, as the young and dashing Algernon Moncrieff; Patricia Norcote, as his friend and long-lost elder brother John Worthing; Kitty Rainey, as Lady Bracknell, and June McCrae, as her daughter, Gwendolen Fairfax. Cecily Cardeu was played by Nancy Complin and Isobel Rice-Jones took the part of her firm, but romantic, governess. As Canon Chasuble, Miss Prism's admirer, Helen Palk was realistic. Audrey Robb was Merriman, the butler, and Anne Parkhill played Lane, the manservant.

Elizabeth Auld was to have been Lady Bracknell, but unfortunately she had measles, so Kittey Rainey understudied her and made an excellent job of a difficult character part.

Miss Carter gave up much of her spare time to rehearsals and the girls came every day during the holidays to practise. But the hard work that was put into it was well worth while. The money made from the tickets is being divided between the Red Cross and the archery fund.

P. N.

### LECTURES

During the past year we have been privileged to hear talks on many interesting subjects. We enjoyed them very much, and I am sure each girl has profited by them.

In December, Mr. James A. Plant brought us some very interesting films about skiing and vitamins. He also showed us an amusing cartoon.

Mrs. J. Macdonald's talk on speech development, at the end of the Christmas term, was most helpful and very enjoyable.

At the end of the Easter term, the Reverend A. W. Martin gave a dramatization of "The Tale of Two Cities." The way in which he portrayed the various characters in the play gave us a vivid idea of life at the time of the French Revolution.

Mrs. Botsford brought us an inside view of the life of a nurse in training. She stressed the importance of being able to associate with people—this being essential in nursing. A competent nurse herself, she was able to relate incidents which she had experienced.

The last lecture we had the pleasure of hearing was given by Mrs. Knox, who gave us some very useful ideas about writing as a profitable hobby.

We have appreciated these lectures very much, and thank all the people who gave them to us. We all hope there will be many more next year.

D. J. E.

### I SEE AN ENGLAND

I see an England, fresh and fair,  
Filled with the sounds of happiness;  
In whose green land there is no care,  
Where God seems willing all to bless.

I see an England filled with love  
Of family, country, King and race:  
There shall be found signs of the dove  
That point to an all-glorious peace.

I see an England filled with friends  
Of all men, whosoe'er they be:  
Men who are willing lives to lend,  
That all may live as brothers free.

I see an England filled with peace,  
An England raising mighty form  
To show that she has won her "fleece,"  
And is victorious after storm.

Helen M. McLean,  
Grade XI, Nelson Hall.

### GEOGRAPHY

Geography, Geography, and more  
Geography.

That's all we have around our class—  
Geography, Geography, Geography.

If we don't learn it we won't pass.  
Geography! Grade IV.

# LITERARY

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## A RACE WITH DEATH

**A**CROSS the wastes of the frozen Arctic raced a sled pulled by ten huskies and driven by a lone Eskimo, a black dot against the snow.

In the far north of Canada this Eskimo lived with his tribe. The settlement had been happy and contented, fishing and hunting for food and clothing, until Death in the shape of famine and disease had invaded their land. The seal and reindeer on which they depended for a living grew scarcer and scarcer. Soon the older men and women and the little children died of weakness and a disease which accompanied hunger.

The Eskimo, Unga, had lost three of his five children and his wife was ill and near death. Now, in a race against Death, he was endeavouring to reach Hudson's Bay to bring medical assistance and food back to his people.

For three days Unga had been travelling. He rested very little and took of his scanty food supply only enough to sustain himself and his dogs. To hunger and weariness he was numb, numb to everything but the fact that he must reach Hudson's Bay in time to save his people.

On the night of the fourth day, sitting by his fire, he heard through the still night a sound that brought the dogs trembling to the fire and sent a shiver through his body. How well he knew that cry. Wolves!

The cry went up again, a little nearer. The dogs crouched closer to the fire and whimpered. Of weapons to defend himself Unga had but a knife, so he stumbled to his feet and in a short time had harnessed the dogs and resumed his journey. Soon the wolves would scent them and then the race would be on. At this thought he whipped his dogs harder and the sled ploughed rapidly through the snow.

As the day dawned Unga sighed with relief for it was not likely that the wolves would attack in daylight. He pushed on quickly and at nightfall was only a day's journey from his destination. That night the howl of the wolf-pack again disturbed the silence. Unga grimly pulled out his knife and flicked his whip sharply in the air.

Looking back, he could see the dark shapes of the wolves against the snow, spreading out fan-shape behind the sled. For two hours they raced and the wolves were very much nearer. The dogs were panting and Unga himself could not hold out much longer.

Ahead was a small wood and Unga raced for its shelter. As quickly as possible he made a fire and prepared to fight the pack with what it most feared, fire. In the darkness he could see nothing but the whining, shivering forms of the dogs and by the flashing circle of eyes around him he knew they were surrounded. Soon he could reach no more branches to throw on the fire and it was dying down. The wolves grew bolder and one unfortunate dog was dragged away. Others followed and Unga flung part of his clothing on the fire and drew his knife for a last stand.

Shouts from a distance, cracking of whips and dogs barking could just then be heard. Unga felt a great warm feeling of thankfulness come over him. The wolves vanished and a few hours later he was resting at a small post on Hudson's Bay. The traders had been out hunting, and only by chance had they passed in time to rescue him.

A fortnight later in the little settlement in the Arctic a group of men, women and children waved and shouted good-bye to the doctor and trappers who were returning to Hudson's Bay. The Eskimos now had medicine and



food. Spring was coming, the great snows were melting, and Death perforce had to flee the land.

Elizabeth Auld,  
Grade X, Nelson Hall.

#### UNDER THE SWASTIKA

JOAN and Michael sat before the fire gazing absently at its last glowing embers. Nearby sat their father, the evening paper lying beside him on the floor, while he listened intently to the news broadcast. The announcer's voice broke sharply into their thoughts:

"Today the Vichy Government announced that fifty more French hostages had been executed in reprisal for the shooting of a German official."

The words rang in Joan's mind and she began to think of her own home in Canada, of the love and security which surrounded her. "Oh, but it could never happen here!" she exclaimed impatiently, and banished the unpleasant thought from her mind.

In Europe, however, people knew otherwise. It could and had happened there.

In a tiny farmhouse in Denmark, an old couple was conversing in low tones over their evening meal.

"Did you take those cows into the village this afternoon as the German officer ordered you to?" inquired the little old lady, as she laid down her serviette after finishing the scanty meal of bread, cheese and milk.

"All but one," replied her husband. "I couldn't bear to part with the large one, Gourm. She has served us faithfully for many years, and has been almost like a child."

"But where did you put her?" asked the old lady with a frightened cry. "You know how angry the Germans will be if they find her!"

"They will not find her. She is pastured behind the high stone wall in the garden."

At that moment a sharp knock was heard at the door, and, without waiting for a reply, a German officer strode into the cottage.

"You!" cried the officer, jabbing a

blunt forefinger at the old man, "have disobeyed my orders. We have found a cow tethered in your garden. For your insubordination you shall be sent to a prison camp, where you will do hard labor until you die from exhaustion."

At this the old lady covered her face with her hands and sank to the floor.

"All is gone," she cried with a low moan.

The Brahnds were gathered about their dinner table in Vienna: Herr Brahnd, a stout florid wine merchant of fifty years; his wife, a small, fragile lady; and his fifteen-year old son, Hans. Herr Brahnd was speaking: "They are stupid, the Germans. They cannot understand how or where the new Freedom paper is printed. If they would but search my wine cellars, they would find the answer to their puzzle. They are getting badly beaten in Russia, and when they try to reeat, we in Austria will rise up and kill them in revenge for the hundreds of our countrymen who have suffered at their hands"

Fraulein Brahnd sat in silence, a glow of hope lighting up her eyes. But this light was not reflected in the eyes of her son, who sat staring down at his plate.

The next night a similar sight could be seen in the Brahnd household. This time Fraulein Brahnd was discussing the meat rationing. Suddenly a German squad car drew up in front of the house, and two members of the Gestapo alighted from it and were shown into the house. Upon rising to greet them, Herr Brahnd was informed that he was under arrest.

"Please explain, gentleman," protester Herr Brahnd.

At these words his young son stepped to the officer's side: "I have told these men about your newspaper, father. I am an officer in the Hitler Youth Movement, and you are a traitor to the New Regime."

The level prairie of Poland extended for many miles before the eyes of the peasants, who were cultivating the fields in order that food might grow to feed the gluttonous German war

machine. Two of these peasants were driving a team of oxen. The voice of one of them might be heard expressing the hate of the whole nation for the cruel oppressors:

"I have given my possessions to these pigs; now I must give my labor also, that these gluttons may be filled. My wife has been sent to work in a munitions factory in Germany, and my two sons have been forced to fight for this new order which we all abhor. My farm and all my lands are now charred ruins, and my cattle hang in German storehouses.

"But why do you not speak, my friend? You are surely not an ally of these beasts?"

The other peasant quickly shook his head, and drawing from his vest a pad and pencil, wrote: "My tongue has been cut out because I have already said too much."

A mud-spattered boy in the blue uniform of the English airforce clambered over the stone wall of a small French garden. Wearily he staggered up to the door and knocked upon it. A little old lady answered his knock, and, at his broken request for help, she gently led him into the house and laid him on a bed. After he had rested and had supper, he told her that he was an English flier whose plane had been shot down in the fields.

It is very good of you to help me," said the boy gratefully, "but why are you so kind?"

"Because I have a son fighting for freedom. He is in the Free French Forces, and although my body is in my conquered land, my heart is with those peoples everywhere who are fighting against German enslavement."

Joan and Michael thought such things could never happen in Canada, but someday they would know differently, unless they, and all the other freedom loving people, set their hearts, hands, and minds to the winning of this war against evil.

Nancy Complin,  
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

## LE PORT DE MER

Je suis un petit chien noir, et je m'appelle Chico. Je suis le chien du capitaine d'un cargo, et une fois par semaine nous débarquons à Marseilles avec notre cargaison. Pendant que le navire est dans le port, je suis assis sur le quai et regarde les paquebots, les navires de guerre, et les barques qui sont aussi dans le port. Les matelots m'aiment beaucoup, et ils me mettent sur leurs bateaux. Je fais une promenade sur les ponts, et souvent l'homme qui fait la cuisine me donne un os. Quelquefois quand il fait du soleil je me couche sur le sable, ou je joue avec un petit enfant. Quand nous sommes sur la haute mer, je me couche sur une couchette dans la cabine du capitaine. Je n'ai pas mal à l'estomac, et j'aime la mer beaucoup.

Nancy Complin,  
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

## LE LAPIN

Je suis un lapin. Mon nom est Marie. Je suis blanc et j'ai les yeux roses. Je demeure dans une maison brune. J'ai une soeur. Elle est brune et très jolie. Elle s'appelle Bun.

Nous jouons sur l'herbe dans le jardin. Nous mangeons l'herbe. J'aime l'herbe. Je vois un chien. Je n'aime pas le chien. Il est grand et noir. Je vois un chat. Le chat est joli. J'aime le chat.

J'ai une mère. Ma mère est grande et blanche. Elle a la queue brune. Mon père est brun. Ma mère et mon père sont jolis. J'ai une queue grise. Je suis très heureux.

Sheila Smith,  
Grade VI, Garry Hall.

## DANS LE RESTAURANT

Beaucoup de monde est entré dans le restaurant, dimanche après-midi. D'abord monsieur Bonenfant est arrivé avec son petit garçon, Jean et Marie sa fille. Ils sont allés à une table dans un coin du restaurant et Monsieur Bonenfant a commandé un bon dîner, les côtelettes de mouton et des petits pois et des pommes de terre pour les enfants,

mais monsieur Bonenfant qui n'avait pas faim a demandé du poisson avec des haricots verts. Il a commandé aussi, du lait pour les enfants, des petits pains et du beurre et des glaces.

"Papa" a dit Jean, après qu'il a mangé sa côtelette de mouton," Marie a mangé mon petit pain, donnez-moi un autre, s'il vous plaît."

"Non" dit Monsieur Bonenfant "vous avez trop mangé, nous commandons notre dessert, puis nous irons à la plage, jouer dans le sable."

"Merci, merci, papa!" ont dit les enfants ensemble "Dépêchez-vous! Finissez votre dessert. Henri ira à la plage avec nous."

Ils ont fini leur dessert et ils se sont dépêchés du restaurant.

Alors Madame Blanche et ses amis sont entrées dans le restaurant, elles ont choisi une table près du centre du restaurant. Le garçon a apporté le menu et les dames ont choisi leurs dîners.

'J'aurai du rosbif, des choux-fleurs, des pommes de terre, du café noir, et des pêches à la crème. Que voulez-vous, Madame Blanche?"

"Je choisis du porc avec les choux et des petits pois, une glace pour le dessert."

Les autres dames ont commandé leurs dîners, et elles ont mangé un bon dîner. Pendant qu'elles buvaient leur café, elles ont parlé du nouveau chapeau de Madame Noir et le salon dans la maison de Madame Bonnard et beaucoup d'autres choses. Alors elles ont payé l'addition, donné un pourboire au garçon et elles sont sorties du restaurant.

Après cela, beaucoup de monde est entré dans le restaurant, pour manger leurs dîners.

Valery Rayner,  
Grade IX, Nelson Hall.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHICKEN

AS I begin my story, I am hatching from the egg. I am wet, as all chickens are when they come from the egg. As I look about me, I see I

am in a cheesecloth net with some brothers and sisters. I am in a box. The lid is being taken off! There is a kind-faced woman looking in. She takes some bunches of net just like the kind I am in. Now I am being lifted and put in another box.

A few days have passed and soon I shall go into a pen in the yard. Here comes the lady again. She's bringing us our breakfast. My! That tastes good. They give good meals here.

We are being lifted again. Now I think we shall go into the pen. We are going up some things called stairs, and now down some more. It makes me feel sick because I'm being bumped so much.

We are being put down in the pen. I think I shall go inside the coop. There is nothing much, only some straw and perches. I shall like living here playing tag with the other chickens.

The other chicks are growing fast. I have started to grow a comb on my head. I am the first chick to start one. We will be put into the big chicken house soon with the others. Yes, we are being taken now to the big coop.

I have laid my first egg, and a beauty it is! Those other hens are so proud of their eggs that it makes me sick. Why, the one in the nest next to me lays brown eggs.

I have a brood of twelve chicks now. The other hens say I'm very puffed up but I haven't noticed it. My babies are beauties.

I'm now sitting on a kitchen table waiting to be cooked for someone's Sunday dinner, so, before I lose my head, I think I'll end my story.

Betty Cooper,  
Grade V, Douglas Hall.

### JINGLE

There once was a pony named Dingle  
Who made such a jolly good jingle,

The boys and girls cried,

"Hey, give me a ride

Behind Dingle whose bells will go  
jingle."

Helen Emerson,  
Grade V, Nelson Hall.



### THESE ENGLISH

..... And the Prince Kharama of Kashmir said unto his chief minister, Samaar: "Go to this land as an envoy of our people. Listen and learn of these English that we may know more of these strangers who come to our land to trade, and hope to conquer."

And Samaar boarded a ship and came unto the strange land, saw and learned of the English, and wrote thus:

"July 4, 1723.—These English are a strange people; their land is a strange land, and their ways are strange ways.

"When I arrived at Dover, I was thoroughly inspected and searched in a most complicated and unnecessary manner. When this process was finished, I continued on my way to London, their capital city, by a most inconvenient mode of travel — stage-coach. When I arrived I enrolled at a species of hotel called an 'inn.' This inn, like the many others found on this street called 'High,' is a small place. The inn-keeper is a typical Englishman. To give a picture of his class I describe him:

He is an enormously fat man with a flat head and an extremely ruddy complexion. He spends a great deal of his time at the bar of his inn consuming large quantities of an alcoholic drink, very strong, which does not seem to affect him in the least. The rest of his time is spent chatting with his customers.

"Often, the name of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, is mentioned. I have seen this man and I know that the country treats him unjustly. He is a good, useful gentleman but because of numerous riotings, and unhappy gossiping, the people have not a clear picture of the man. The rumors are instigated by a party called Jacobites who wish to restore the Stuart line of kings to the throne.

"The present king is entirely German—he speaks no English, and he has brought a swarm of German women and German attendants to the English court. A tarnish has crept over the land with his coming.

"The common people seem to be

either beggars or highwaymen. One cannot travel safely in this land because of the latter's constant robbing and murdering.

"The members of the nobility, however, are absolutely different. Having taken their cue from their fat king, they show no outward enthusiasm for anything. They all attend operas and plays and read the new books by modern writers, foremost among these being Oliver Goldsmith, Jane Austen, Daniel Defoe, and Jonathan Swift.

"A strange man called John Wesley is travelling throughout the country in an endeavour to reform religion—which is already foolish and fantastic.

"These English are a strange and marvellous people. They are imperious yet sympathetic, uninteresting yet brilliant. We are against a strong foe.—Please Budda, we shall be at peace!"

Pat Bernard,  
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

### SPRINGTIME

There is a valley that I know  
Where the wild sweet breezes blow,  
And the daffodils nod to and fro  
In Springtime.

And the wee purple violets are always  
peeping,  
And the pussy willows are always  
weeping,  
And there the first primrose is seen  
a'sleeping  
In Springtime.

And the fluffy-white, new-born lambs  
there play,  
And the sun shines through the trees  
all day,  
And the cherry-blossoms softly sway  
In Springtime.

Yes! There's a valley that I know  
Where it will never, never snow;  
And there you and I will some day go,  
For there it's always Springtime.

P. Hodgson,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

### SHOULD YOU?

Should you eat a radish in your hand  
or with a fork?  
Should you send out little cards an-  
nouncing Mr. Stork?  
Is it proper to confront a departing  
guest with, "Please,  
Mrs. Brown, meet Mrs. Smith?" Does it  
make them feel at ease?

Should you wear a flowing train upon  
your bridal gown?  
Should you send a kind hello when a  
stranger comes to town?  
Is it in the best of form to serve  
cocktails before dinner,  
To tell a woman, "O my dear, that dress  
makes you look thinner?"

Should you pass the album when your  
friends have come to call?  
Should you have the girls in for a game  
of bridge—that's all?  
Are you sure by all the rules your table  
top is set?  
Do you know the answers? Well, you  
should.

—It's Etiquette.

Betty Dowler,

Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

### MY KIDDY CAR

I have a little kiddy car  
It is painted red and black  
One day I ran into a pail of tar  
And I thought my heart would crack.

I cried myself to sleep that night  
And hugged my teddy bears  
But soon I saw a tiny light  
A-coming up the stairs.

It was the fairies bright and gay  
They asked me why I was sad.  
"I hurt my kiddy car today."  
Said they, "That's certainly too bad."

And then I asked them if by chance  
They could wash it with the dew,  
So they washed and washed as around  
they danced  
Until it looked like new.

Moyra Smith,

Grade III, Nelson Hall.

### JUDY

Sliding down the bannisters, knocking  
o'er the chairs,  
Licking out the jam pots, stealing all  
the pears,  
Who's the little rascal in the flower bed  
Tearing up the blossoms with the  
puppy, Ned?

Now he's in the kitchen begging for a  
tart,  
Now she's at the playhouse in the  
dolly's cart;  
Now she's in the basement riding on  
her byke,  
Cleaning out the coal chute, the busy  
little type!

Naughty little ragamuffin, at the close  
of day  
Thinking of the fun she's had while  
putting toys away.  
Who's the little angel kneeling at her  
prayers?  
She's my little sister, quite absolved  
of cares.

Betty Jean Adamson,

Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

### OH!

Oh for the sight of the tiny,  
The fields of rye and corn;  
Oh for the sight of the sloping hills  
And the place where I was born.

Oh to be back there home once more  
By the side of the rambling stream,  
To lie on its muddy banks and watch  
It glitter in sunlight's gleam.

Oh for the sight of the blooms in spring  
And the feel of the dewy grass;  
Oh for the smell of the primrose flower  
And a sight of the old footpaths.

Oh to be back there, home once more,  
Back to the fields of corn,  
Back to the land where I belong,  
To the place where I was born.

P. Auld,

Grade IX, Garry Hall.

**A FAIRY STORY**

IN Fairyland there was a giant. Never before had one been there, and Hol-low Tree Village was in a great stir.

Twins, Fluffy and Muffy, lived in this village. Fluffy was a boy, and Muffy a girl. One day when they were out walking in the forest a man appeared. He was the biggest man they had ever seen. Fluff pulled at Muff's rose-petal dress.

"Quick!" he whispered. "He is going toward our village. I must warn our Fairy Queen and you must warn the Queen of Small-Feet Village. Tell her to come to our aid quickly. Good-bye!"

Fluff ran and ran until he reached Joy, his Queen. Joy called her army together quickly.

"Dig a deep pit," she said, "so the giant will fall into it. Dig it right in his path and cover it with a carpet of grass and pine needles. It must be ready in ten minutes. Now be off."

Meanwhile Muffy had reached Small-Feet Village and ordered the men to be quick. They started up and arrived just as the elves of the other village were beginning to pit. It was surprising how fast they dug. It was ready in eight minutes. As soon as they had put across the grass and pine needles, along came the giant.

C-R-A-S-H! He fell into the pit. How surprised and angry he looked. All the fairies came from their hiding places and crowded around the pit. Last came Joy in her daffodil-petal dress.

She said: "You have your choice. Either you will be our slave or we shall kill you."

The giant growled in reply: "I will be your slave."

The Queen held a party for Fluffy and Muffy. It was held in the moon-light. Fluff was given a badge saying, "For Bravery," and Muff was given a hair-bow.

They were very tired little fairies when at last they crept into bed.

Elizabeth Moody,  
Grade V, Garry Hall.

**THE SEASONS**

The months of spring are April, May,  
With squawking crow and screeching  
jay,

And sweet woods ringing  
With robins singing

Of lovely spring that's here.

The months of summer are June, July,  
With bright blue skies and falcons' cry.  
Yellow beaches, pleasant swimming,  
Laughing loon, and swallow skimming  
O'er the prairies bright and green.

Autumn months—August, September,  
The glowing sun like burning ember,  
Passing o'er ripe fields of grain,  
Longing for a pleasant rain

To cool their roots, their heads, their  
stalks.

The months of winter, four—remember:  
January, February, November,  
December.

All the birds far south they fly  
As if some mysterious agents try

To send them 'way from coming cold.  
Barbara McLean,

Grade V, York Hall.

**EXTINCTION**

He crumpled on the battlefield and  
sank into the mud,  
And down his twisted, pain-racked face  
there trickled clotted blood;  
And yet he had the strength to fire  
just one last shot of lead,—  
The yellow-bellied Jap shrieked, gasped,  
and fell across him—dead.

Joan Harris,  
Grade XI, York Hall.

**I'D RATHER HAVE YOU**

Laughing puppy with bright brown  
eyes

And a soft brown head to pat,

I'd rather have you  
Than a kangaroo  
Or parrot or great white rat.

I'd rather have you  
Than any of these,  
Or a ring-tailed possum  
That hangs on trees.

Clementine McNern,  
Grade III, York Hall.



# MY ADVENTURES AS A KITTEN

I WAS born on December 3rd, 1941. I am pure black and my name is Blacky. I have two brothers and four sisters. I am the youngest.

I am now practically one and a half.

My latest adventure was when I went out for a little walk on that day when it was so hot. I lay down under the big maple tree. As I lay there all of a sudden I saw this dog, and you know how I hate dogs! Well, he came closer and closer, and at last I jumped up and I met him, and I hissed. He barked and the fight was on. He bit me, so I spat back at him, which made him still more angry, so he tackled me. I was then in a terrible rage. I flew at him and jumped on top of him. He jumped up and I came off with a bad bump. Then all of a sudden I woke up and discovered that it was a horrible dream.

I then ran back into the house where my mother and my brother and sisters were. I crept in beside my mother and while I told her about my dream she washed me all over with her soft tongue, and as I finished I fell asleep again, but this time I had a lovely dream about milk, cream, and fish.

Sheelagh Burke,  
Grade VI, Douglas Hall.

## MRS. CHATTER HELPS WITH MY HOMEWORK

"I certainly didn't want her to help, it was her suggestion and I couldn't do anything else but let her help.

Mrs. Chatter, who came over about twice a year, and only came then because my mother invited her, out of politeness, was the type of woman that our family could not tolerate. She knew all and her name, "Chatter," really did suit her.

I had come home from school only to find my dear friend "Mrs. Chatter" sitting chattering to my mother. I spoke to her very politely and then rushed off to my desk in a secluded part of the room, hoping that she would not see me; but, just as I thought, she saw me sit down to my homework. Before I could open one of my books, she

was by my side eager to help. I thanked her for her kind offer, but said I could manage very nicely by myself. She insisted on helping, and that's when all the trouble started.

I was doing algebra, but she insisted it was geometry and put geometry all over my books. After I had seen that messed up enough, I started my grammar, but she insisted I write a story for her with good English in it. This went on in each subject, until at last "Mrs. Chatter" said she must be on her way.

It was two hours wasted, but it really was two hours of fun.

Pat Ford,  
Grade IX, Douglas Hall.

## THE LONELY MAIDEN

Once there was a flow'ring maiden,  
Always smiling, shining, gay;  
Then her lover died in battle,  
Left her lonely till death's day.

Lonely as the sea in winter  
When the skies are bleak and grey,  
While the water's sea-tossed blackness  
Cries the lengthening nights away;

Lonely as the mountain summits  
Capped by mists throughout the day,  
Stilled by blizzards in the winter,  
Tow'ring out of all men's way;

Lonely as the woods in twilight  
When the forest giants sway,  
While the dust of her beloved  
Coldly lies enwrapped in clay.  
Patricia Northcote,  
Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

When in the woods I walk  
With Laddie by my side,  
With him I laugh, with him I talk.  
Sometimes I try to hide,  
But if I drop behind a log,  
In a moment, there's my dog.  
Clementine McNern,  
Grade III, York Hall.

Mrs. Laing: "Jane, what does 'Pas de tout' mean?"

Jane Lee (absent mindedly): "Father of twins."

## A VISIT TO HELL

THE good ship "Devil's Trill," so called after a certain piece of music of which her owner was fond, had set sail with four passengers on board. They consisted of the Hon. Peter Langdon, a fiery-tempered man given to swearing; his son John, a captain in the Indian army at present home on furlough; his nephew Christopher Langdon, on shore a well-known doctor, on ship a very poor sailor; and his niece Margaret, Christopher's sister.

They were sailing along the coast of Scotland one night, when the storm came up. It was not the usual type of storm, swift to come and swift to go. Its arrival was heralded by a low moaning around the hatches, and it continued to increase in fury, until on the night of the third day, Peter Langdon was heard to say, that he would sell his soul to the devil in hell to know where the hell they were going.

The oath had hardly left his lips, when a mighty roar rent the heavens, and a thunderbolt crashed to earth. The boat whirled around in an eddy, and the last any of them remembered was the fiendish laughter which filled their ears . . .

When Margaret came to her senses, she was lying in a very modernistic room of red and black design. Sitting up, she saw that her Uncle Peter, John and Chris were all in the same room. Before they could say a word, however, part of the wall slid away and the tall figure of a man stepped down into the room. He was tall and slim, with a little black moustache and pointed goatee, which gave him a sleek, well-groomed, nonchalant air. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and only the suspicion of a sneer, which played around his mouth, spoiled his appearance. With a slight bow to Margaret, he addressed himself to her uncle. "I must introduce myself," he drawled. "I am your humble servant, the Devil."

"The devil you are," replied Peter. "In that case, would you mind telling us where the hell we are?"

"Not at all my dear fellow; I would be charmed. You are at present in my study in Hell, and in a little while you will be escorted to your rooms, where you will undergo a slight process called 'Hell on Earth.' It is fairly painless; we use absolutely modern methods." With a suave smile and slightly inclined head, he was about to go out, when suddenly he turned, and addressing Peter Langdon said, "I am sure you would like a game of golf. The caddies are waiting. Will you come?" Peter rose, and with an abrupt nod at his companions followed the devil from the room.

Outside the air was cool, and Langdon and the Devil walked in silence for a few minutes until they reached the golf-course. Langdon being a golf-fiend, was looking forward to the game. A caddy approached and offered him a ball, and Langdon placing it on the tee, turned with a smile to choose a club, but suddenly he froze. "There's no club," he said. "I must have a club to play with, I must!"

"That's the hell of it," shrugged the Devil. "Just think, you'll have to stay here trying to hit a ball without a club, until your soul is extracted, and you are ruined. It won't be long!" And with a fiendish laugh he vanished.

As he had said, it was not long before Langdon had fallen writhing to the ground, his lips mouthing the words, "There must be a club. In heaven's name, give me a club."

Back in the house, Margaret, John and Christopher had been taken to their rooms and were undergoing the process of "Hell on Earth." Margaret lay motionless on her bed. Her head was whirling and in her ears there echoed a fiendish laugh, and the words, "You'll soon forget. You'll soon forget." In John Langdon's room, the occupant was walking up and down. His face was twisted with pain, and beads of perspiration hung upon his brow. A voice was whispering in his ear: "Don't you know me, Langdon? I'm the friend you had court-martialed for insubordination to a senior officer.

No one ever knew you did it because I was going to marry the girl you loved. No one ever knew the real reason why I was dishonourably discharged. But you'll never forget, you'll never forget. You ruined my life, and now your own is being ruined . . . is being ruined." With a low moan John Langdon fell to the floor. Meanwhile, the doctor was sitting at the window of his room, looking out upon a never-ending sea of misery and pain. The knowledge that people were suffering untold agonies all over the world, and the realization of his own helplessness, filled him with utter misery, and it was only when he fell into a drunken stupor that peace came to his weary mind.

Next morning the London papers included this announcement on their front pages:

#### "LANGDON MYSTERY

"Yesterday evening, the coastguard of a small fishing village in Scotland sighted a yacht drifting aimlessly towards the shore. As the ship was in danger of foundering on the rocks, a boat was launched to investigate. The landing party, however, found no trace of any members of the crew on board, only four dead bodies.

"When the yacht was safely docked, the bodies were identified as the Hon. Peter Langdon, a well-known business man; Captain John Langdon, of the Indian Army, his son; Doctor Christopher Langdon, his nephew; and Margaret Langdon, his niece. A post-mortem is being held, but so far no reason is given for their deaths or for the disappearance of the crew.

"The late members of the Langdon family were found lying in their bunks, and the look of anguish, pain and indescribable torment depicted on their faces is the only clue to the manner of their deaths.

"Truly, they must have been through hell."

Dulcie J. E. Ellershaw,  
Grade XII, Garry Hall.

#### DELUDED BY DEATH

##### "Forty-five Lost at Sea

" . . . Among those drowned was the famous English pianist, Franzel Burkett who joined the Navy at the outbreak of war. Franzel's brilliant work as a pianist won him fame throughout the British Empire. His concerts always attracted large crowds of music lovers. He is survived by his mother, Freda Burkett, and his brother Londiff. Londiff is serving in the R. A. F. Mrs. Burkett was very fond of music and Franzel spent many evenings playing for her as she sat by the fireplace knitting. Franzel was 29."

Music, a lamentation of deepest sorrow, echoed in the massive stillness of the drawing room in the home of Commander Stitson. A young girl of twenty-five years sat at the piano in the corner of the large room. Her pale, tearful face was turned towards the large French windows which composed one wall. Her dark and doleful eyes stared out into the windy night. Only the moon's rays and a dim lamp lit up the room.

The girl's fingers slid over the keys in a slow, audible expression of grief. Softly the music penetrated her heart; her face lifted to the sky as sorrow wrung her heart and her lips offered a silent prayer.

The music continued. The murmur and groan of the wind in the trees, the creaking of a gate and the slight rattling of the window panes accompanied her music. It grew more expressive of her feeling; her tears were a part of it; her pitiable condition influenced the melancholy strain.

A discord! Her beautiful head fell over the keys as sobs wracked her body. A folded newspaper on the bench beside her was the explanation of her grief.

Mad'moiselle Duprey and a companion sat at dinner together on the same evening.

"It's a shame, isn't it?" remarked Mad'moiselle Duprey, who had recently arrived in England. "Such a fine young artist he was too! I'm sure it was a



terrible shock to his poor mother—such a loyal English woman and so proud of her son's achievements.”

“Ah! oui, mad'moiselle,” agreed her companion, “The other son, is he serving his country also?”

“Yes, Londiff is in the R. A. F. They joined up as soon as war broke out, you know.”

“It is a pity, is it not, that this young Franzel had to die? Such an intelligent young man, mad'moiselle.”

“I remember, Pierre, when I went to two concerts given by Franzel Burkett in Paris last spring. It was at the Conservatory of Music. A charming personage! I say again, his mother is such a fine English woman and so proud to think that her dear sons were fighting for England. Ah, it is a shame; there will be more of this.”

Sandra Hopper and Richard Charleston waited at the London Station for their train which was leaving for the west coast that evening.

“I do hope we can get out of this mess before it's too late,” Richard said as they walked up and down the platform in the cold night air.

“You hope! I've just got to be in New York on October fifteenth for the wedding. Why, Jane wouldn't know what to do without me!” Sandra exclaimed.

“Well, she may have to learn. We'll have to go through a lot of red tape to get out of the country. An inquisitive lot, the English, aren't they? Boy, paper please—”

“Any news?” asked Sandra to make conversation.

“Not much,” replied Richard, “Forty-five sailors drowned—poor devils. One of them was Franzel Burkett. Remember him? He was in New York a couple of years ago. Quite a lad. Says here that his mother was pretty proud of him—why would they put that in? People could gather that if they had any brains.”

“They knew you were going to read it, Dick.”

“No, but seriously; I suppose his

mother was all broken up about it but then whose mother wouldn't be?” asked Richard.

“It's just showing the people what may happen to them. It's a gentle warning. That poor lady has probably lost her one joy in life. She loved him and his music, you know.”

“Maybe—say, did you bring the camera? Good! Our train won't be here for another five minutes. Let's go and grab a cup of coffee and get warm. This wind is cold.”

On the same evening in a small, cozy livingroom beside a fire there sat an old lady. There was silence except for the creak of her rocking chair and the click of her knitting needles as she worked. On the mantel, there were two pictures, one of a young boy in an Airforce uniform and another of a boy in the Navy. The old lady's gaze fell there and she paused in her work to let her mind rest upon the two. Her face wrinkled into a sweet and aged smile, and then she turned her head to gaze fondly upon the piano which brought stirring memories to mind, memories of a boy who had played for her during the evenings as she sat by the fire, knitting.

She sighed—it seemed to be a sigh of relief—and put down her knitting. She brought out a letter, opened it, and read; and as she read she murmured the words—“It is best that he go now. It is best that he go like this. God forgive him.”

Then she leaned forward and set a corner of the paper in the flames. With a smile on her aged face she watched the words burn one by one.

“Franzel Burkett, agent of the German Secret Society.”

Betty Dowler,  
Grade XI, Douglas Hall.

Barbara Hunt: “My father thought I was expelled last night.”

Lorraine Ingram: “How's that?”

Barbara Hunt: “I took some books home.”

### SCHOOL DAYS

THE wind was howling around the corners of the house and the rain was beating its staccato rhythm against the window panes. What a dull day! Nothing to do except sit at home and read a book and do some knitting. Listlessly wandering from one gray room to another, I finally settled down in the library. A cozy fire was burning in the fireplace, and the room looked an ideal spot for day-dreaming.

Suddenly a red book attracted my attention. It had been pushed behind the shelf and appeared very dilapidated and dog-eared. Retrieving the book, I sat down again and opened it. Riverbend! Yes it was actually a school magazine. Glancing through it brought back memories of rubber boots, the smell of home-made buns, the annoying persistence of alarm-clocks, and all those little pranks which were thought to be so clever at the time. The book dropped to the ground.

The first day at school. My parents fairly shoved me in the door, and there I was stranded. I didn't know one girl in the school and I didn't know even the words of the National Anthem. I felt mortified and disgraced for the rest of the day.

After the first month or two at school, I began to develop the habit of day-dreaming. What an art! I had to listen to the teacher, of course, but just enough to know what she was talking about, and all the beautiful dreams I indulged in! All this was stopped, however, when my parents received my report.

The rest of the junior grades were spent in awe of the big girls. How clever and pretty they were! One of these older girls happened to kiss me one day, and I stoutly refused to wash my face for a week. You can imagine what my face looked like at the end of the week.

Then suddenly I had to leave Riverbend and I went away to Montreal, the beautiful city on a mountain, overlooking the St. Lawrence River and the distant hills in the state of New York. Marbles, marbles and more mar-

bles. That is the main impression of my school days there. My friends would dig a hole with the heels of their shoes, and then the marbles would plop on the gravel.

"No, I won. See my marble is closer than yours. Here give it to me. You old meany. I'm not going to play with you any more."

Conversations like these were frequent and often resulted in sulky moods.

Marbles and nature-study. Yes, I think nature-study was almost as important as marbles, but not quite. We took this class in the Chemistry Laboratory, that mysterious room of smells and rows of bottles on the shelves. Pollywogs and turtles were our favorite studies—my father always did have a hard time drawing those pollywogs for me.

In Grade VIII I came back to Riverbend. The grounds never looked so beautiful, out-of-bounds never so tempting. Yes, I was a boarder. Midnight feasts were strictly forbidden. However tell-tale crumbs, bottles and lack of appetites were evidence that sometimes this rule was not strictly adhered to. Boarding was a lot of fun! I can remember so plainly the apple-pied beds, the quarrels over the first bath, the joy obtained from a box of candy, the letters from home. My letters from home always asked the same question, "How much do you weigh?" The sudden increase in my weight certainly worried my parents for a time.

Latin and Geometry! I never could understand those two subjects. Geometry propositions were memorized backwards and forwards to no avail. I finally decided that maybe I was not a mathematics student. My parents had decided this a long time before. Of course Caesar was just out of date, so why bother about him?

The day finally came—Graduation. All I can remember, through a haze of white dresses, is the peculiar feeling I experienced while walking up the aisle of the church. The delicate odour of roses, the booming notes of the band,

and the crowds of people all formed a background.

I was one of the few who returned the next year to take Grade XII. What fun the three of us had in the Red House! It is true that sometimes classes were forgotten, sometimes we did not do our work. Maybe that is why I enjoyed the last year of my schooling the most. I do not think that was the reason, however. It must have been because I liked the work better, and that probably meant that we did not do only the work that the curriculum required.

What fun it all was! Tears there were, too, and how bitterly I wept at the tender age of ten, when I learned that my favorite doll was broken, and that I could not take it back to school! Those funny haircuts, the little short ones, and the darkest shades of nail polish. Oh dear, I seem to be falling asleep. Remember the cake we made in cooking class—and—the—

Yes, I fell asleep, and when I woke up, the fire had died down and the ashes were falling gently. What was I thinking about? Oh yes, Riverbend—the school near the bend of the river, and above it the sea-gulls' shrill cries.

Marjorie Kehm,

Grade XII, Garry Hall.

### BRAIN FANCIES

#### I

I think my mind is a workshop with different little cells in it. There are tiny fairies living in these cells. They are like owls which are awake all night and asleep most of the day.

Joan Carruthers,

Grade VI, York House.

#### II

My mind, I think, could be a lovely place to store information, but my teacher says to me, "Joy, your mind is like a sieve."

And maybe so!

Joy Knox,

Grade V, Nelson House.

#### III

I always think of my brain as being a small box. In the box there are little

compartments. In each there are papers on which are written my thoughts.

Sometimes I forget the combination. That's when I can't remember things. Sometimes I don't close the door securely, and the papers blow away. Then I have to get new ones and lock them up again.

Each new thought is typewritten onto paper as soon as it enters the box. Sometimes they are written incorrectly; and then I have to rewrite them.

Sheila Smith,

Grade VI, Garry Hall.

#### IV

I think of my brain as being round. In it are two little men. There are in the middle of the floor two hoops running parallel. On these are thousands of little papers. When I think, a note is written on the paper. During an examination, my little men flip the pages to the right note. Sometimes my little men get lazy and then I don't remember things.

Sometimes they get mischievous and I do stupid things at wrong times. Sometimes they get sleepy, then I do, too. Sometimes they are brighter and flip more quickly, but sometimes they go slowly.

This is what I think of my brain.

Julia Ann Harris,

Grade V, Douglas Hall.

### THE CHRIST CHILD

Then upon a Christmas clear  
Was born the Christ Child, small and  
dear;

Beside Him His gentle mother lay,  
He was bedded on soft sweet hay.

Wise Men coming from lands afar  
Had begun to follow the Eastern Star  
That led them to where He lay  
Abedded in the soft sweet hay.

On this Christmas day  
Where our King so holy lay  
Kings and shepherds came  
To honor His great name.

Mary Mathers,

Grade VI, Douglas Hall



### THE FAIRY BALL

The fairies now dance while the moon  
shines bright,  
The great white owl is making his flight.  
The queen of the fairies has sent out  
a call  
To ask all the fairies to come to a ball.

The queen is dressed in pink and gold  
With a crown of silver and a wand to  
hold.  
Her wings have the colors of the rain-  
bow bright,  
And they sparkle and gleam in the pale  
moonlight.

They all join hands in a fairy ring,  
And every fairy begins to sing.  
The queen serves feast of fruit and wine,  
Then every fairy sits down to dine.

The clock strikes five and all jump up  
To clear away each plate and cup.  
They have had a feast and a lot of fun,  
But the sun is rising and they must run.

Elizabeth Ann Beaton,  
Grade IV, Douglas Hall.

### ALBERTA'S CALL

When the willow buds awaken  
Once again to greet the light,  
And I hear the grey-clad squadrons  
Surging northward through the night,  
When along the gravelled beaches  
Laughing waters rise and fall,  
On the winds that sweep the prairie  
I can hear Alberta call.

And where beyond the lonely plains  
The snow-crowned Rockies rise,  
Where placid mountain lakes reflect  
The fair Alberta skies,  
Where crystal rivers, glacier-born—  
The Elbow and the Bow—  
Thru' rocky gorge and pine-clad steep  
Run singing as they flow,  
There ever turn my wandering  
thoughts,  
'Tis there I long to go,  
To seek the trails by lake and stream  
That once I used to know.

Louise Trewhitt,  
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

### THE TUB

(With apologies to Barry  
Cornwall)

The tub, the tub, the old bathtub,  
The soap and brush with which to rub!  
Without a grunt, without a sound  
I run the dirty regions round.

I strain at spots upon my back—  
To get to them takes quite a knock.  
I'm in the tub, I'm in the tub—  
Hurrah! Hurray! And glub, glub glub!—  
With the ceiling above and the floor  
below,  
And splashing everywhere I go.  
If a storm should come and awake the  
deep  
What matter? I shall soak and sleep.

The water grows grey, the soap grows  
less,  
The bathroom, all told, is a terrible  
mess.

I sing and whistle with all my might  
Into the darkest hours of night;  
And never was heard such an outcry  
wild  
As the sound from the throat of this  
dirty child.

I shall live always, each Saturday night  
Through all my life in a similar plight,  
With wealth to spend and power to  
range,

But never, never will come a change.  
And death, when it comes to this poor  
land-lub,  
Will probably come in the old bathtub.

Pat Bernard,  
Grade X, Douglas Hall.

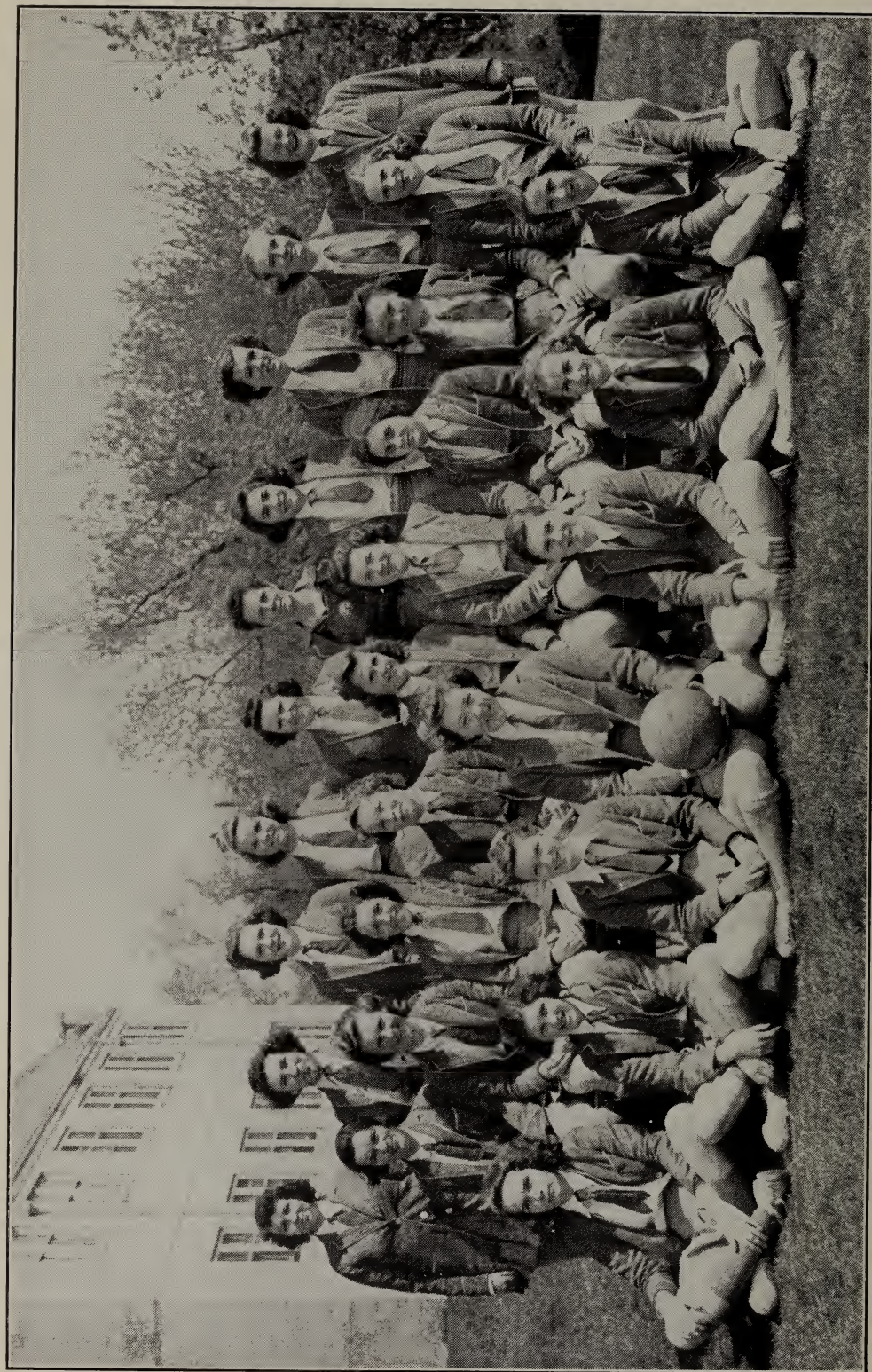
### NO LONGER NIGH

With rue my heart is laden  
For golden hours I knew  
When spring was in my garden,  
And I was there with you.

Now summer clothes my garden,  
But sad of heart am I;  
The roses bloom unnoticed  
For you're no longer nigh.

Helen Palk,  
Grade XI, Nelson Hall.





# BASKETBALL TEAMS

BACK Row—Virginia Ross George, Anne Kingsley, Jean Gardiner, Jane Lee, Jessie Dangerfield, Miss Hobbs, Kitty Rainey, Betty Dowler, Joan Harris,  
 Betty Jean Adamson.  
 MIDDLE Row—Rosa Rayner, Betty Leslie, Eleanor South, Nancy Complin, Mildred Longstaffe, Betty McGuinness, Helen Trickey, Donaldda Murdoch, Marie  
 McCrimmon.  
 FRONT Row—Ellen Kinneard, Gail Graham, Jill Riddell, Kathleen Richardson, Peggy Auld, Valery Rayner, Isobel Slater.



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# PHYSICAL EDUCATION

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IN the world of today Sports must accept new duties. It is necessary to keep ourselves physically fit and physically prepared to face any situation. This year, at Riverbend, the main endeavour has been to have all participate and all work together to form "a well knit team." Every girl has been included in some type of sport and has been given the opportunity to develop her skill and knowledge of games along any lines. We have adopted as our slogan, "Every girl on a team, and every team playing," and have carried it out to the best of our ability.

Exercises were not stressed, but all the fitness which can be obtained was provided for in games, for basketball, volley ball, badminton, riding, swimming, archery, and tennis; all make a girl's muscles long and supple and don't tighten them. Hence these sports produce graceful lines and don't produce bunched muscles as some exercises tend to do. Action in games is a natural not an artificial means of producing circulation, respiration and in turn the developing of the lungs, heart and other organs of the body.

Team work has been strongly emphasized in order that the girls may accept responsibilities and pull together to accomplish the goal. Inter-grade, inter-house and inter-school games provided stiff competitions which spurred on the class, house, and school spirit.

The fine achievements made this year are due to the patient and untiring instruction given to us by Miss Hobbs. She has introduced several new games which have been enthusiastically received. I am sure every girl in the school appreciates her fine efforts. A special vote of thanks is due to all those who so faithfully attended sports practices. Thank you, girls, for your regular attendance. Always remember—to obtain anything worth while, hard work must come first.

For those of us who are leaving Riverbend, the past year has been especially beneficial, for we have obtained a sturdy grounding in all the sports which we will use throughout our lives.

And so, looking back on the year, from an Athletic viewpoint, I feel that we have achieved a high standard. Though we may not have won all our games, we have obtained greater qualities than the winner's glory.

BETTY DOWLER,  
*Sports Captain.*

## BASKETBALL

"She's always tripping me! Why is she even on the team?"

"Wow! When you bump into her it's like hitting a stone wall!"

Here are some bits of conversation you might hear if you entered the gymnasium after 4.30 on any week day. But it really isn't as bad as it sounds.

Basketball this year has been a great deal of fun; the girls have co-operated well, and have learned much about the game. Three teams were drawn up,

one Junior and two Senior, to play against the teams of other schools.

Miss Hobbs gave unsparingly of her time and effort to prepare us to at least make a good showing, and she achieved her goal. Perhaps the Seniors didn't win a game, but they came very close to doing so at each attempt. We are very proud of our Juniors, as they came out on top in the Private School League.

Playing the Public Schools this year has given us a larger knowledge of



basketball, as we also experimented with boys' rules.

This year Basketball has been made more interesting for us all, not only because of our inspiring teacher, but also because of the new friendships we have made with the city High Schools.

B. J. A.

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### **TENNIS AND RIDING**

Tennis and Riding are once again old stand-bys at Riverbend. Many girls go riding on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and I have been informed that we have several excellent riders. So far, not a great deal of Tennis has been played, due to the unreasonable weather conditions. However, if time permits, we hope to hold an inter-house competition before Graduation.

M. L.

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### **BADMINTON**

This year Badminton was added to our already extensive sports program. We competed in an inter-school tournament that was held at Riverbend. Representatives of the leading High Schools participated, and Kelvin carried off the two silver cups.

Some of our players took part in the annual Badminton Tournament at the Winter Club and received honors.

The inter-grade tournament stimulated great interest throughout the school and showed that we have many promising players.

This year, for the first time, a letter is to be given for Badminton and will be seen decorating the pockets of our stars (?)

M. C.

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### **VOLLEY BALL**

Another of our new games is Volley Ball. Many of the girls were very unfamiliar with this game at the beginning of the year, but after diligent coaching from our games' mistress, Miss Hobbs, they improved greatly.

Some of the outside schools came in to compete against us, or should I say,

to teach us certain tricks in the fundamentals of Volley Ball, such as spiking, low swift services, and playing up to net, so that by the closing of the season, our girls had evened up the score considerably.

B. L.

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### **SKATING**

On cold winter days, way back in January, girls with skates over their arms could be seen making their way to the school rink on Langside Street. Soon the rink would be dotted with the so-called skaters. Short ones, tall ones, thin ones, and fat ones would be trying their luck on the shiny blades. The girls in the lowest grades would be out pushing each other around. Gym periods, noon hours and recesses were spent outside on the rink.

The Manitoba Skating Races were held again this year, but as nobody in the school possessed a pair of racers, Riverbend was not able to compete.

The Canadian Figure Skating Championships were held in Winnipeg and some of the girls especially interested were allowed to leave school to go to watch them. A former pupil of Riverbend won the Junior Ladies' Singles Event.

We hope there will be as many energetic and enthusiastic girls on the rink next year.

L. P.

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### **ARCHERY**

Several years ago Archery was a popular sport among the girls of Riverbend, but gradually it disappeared. This year it was revived and the girls have responded with such enthusiasm that many have purchased their own arrows to be used with the school bows.

So, if you're passing Riverbend and happen to see girls running to and fro with bows and arrows, don't be alarmed, for they are only ardent supporters of this once-again popular pastime.

A. P.

### SKIING

Although we had a very mild winter the girls of the school made the most of what little snow there was. For three or four weeks, Skiing held the attention of many of the Juniors and Seniors. We have some very good skiers at Riverbend, but most of us are just beginners. Several of the teachers took part in this sport also. On Wednesday afternoon we were allowed to ski through our sports period, accompanied by Miss Hobbs, who gave us careful instruction in the sport.

The school grounds have many well sloped hills for beginners as well as steeper ones for the more advanced students. A ski train could not be arranged for this year, but if we have a longer season next year, I think we shall be able to look forward to such a trip.

Daylight saving time has helped us this year in having longer skiing hours. Skiing, to us, is one of the finer winter sports in which we think everyone should participate.

P. F.

### SWIMMING

Twice a week Riverbend takes over the Sherbrooke Pool from 4.30 to 5.30 p.m. Under the very capable guidance of Miss Hobbs, the girls have made marvellous improvements in diving and swimming. The Swimming Meet, to be held on May 19, will take the form of a competition between the houses in diving, racing, tricks, fancy dives, and novelty races. Showing great enthusiasm in this sport, fifty-one girls from Grades 8 to 11 entered the meet. The girls are practising hard, not only to win points for their houses, but to try to win the coveted swimming "S's" which are awarded for partaking in swimming and improvement in strokes.

Although the swimming was not organized until the summer term, the work that has been accomplished has been very satisfactory. Swimming will

be continued until the end of the term, enabling those who have not partaken in the sport up to now, to do so.

So come on girls, join the fun!

K. R.

### RIDING IN WINTER

When riding in the winter,  
When trees are dressed in white,  
The bridle paths are shimmering  
In glory and delight.

The horses love the winter  
So clear and crisp and cold;  
They fairly fly across the field—  
The reins are hard to hold.

I like to ride in winter.  
The crispness and array  
Of sparkling snow and sunshine  
Take all my cares away.

Jean Love,

Grade XI, York Hall.

### THINGS I LOVE

I love the smell of the apple bloom,  
Its blossom is of exquisite perfume.  
I love the smell of the fresh dew-drops  
That wash and cool the hollyhocks.  
I love the smell of the rushing brook;  
It reminds me of tales in a story book.  
I love the smell of the fresh green grass,  
And the smell of hay as the mowers  
pass.

Joan Carruthers,  
Grade VI, York Hall.







TOP—An Informal Shot.  
CENTRE—A Bull's Eye.  
BOTTOM—Bluebells.

TOP—Junior Play.  
CENTRE—Another Informal Shot.  
BOTTOM—Closing, 1941.



## Letters From Former Members of Staff

Smith College,  
Northampton, Massachusetts,  
May 10, 1942.

Grant Salutem Dicit Voci Fluminis:

You will be making plans now for the Lilac Tea, and my ghost will be sitting on the sunny steps with the York House Committees, laying down the law about sandwiches and tablecloths, pickles and runners. Be kind to it—it's a very tired ghost this month.

I wish you could see the campus today. The lilacs have been in bloom for a week, and have scarcely been noticed, so much more vivid and odorous are the many rare flowering trees and plants collected in this one spot. I still can't believe that the bright pink trees—the Japanese cherry, the Dogwood, and the Judas—are real. And I **know** that someone went out each night in the early spring and stuck the little blue and white flowers into the dead grass and remnants of snow along the walks! They couldn't possibly grow like that.

One learns to jump quickly to avoid the myriads of bicycles whirring past, especially between classes. Since Easter, the Seniors have been allowed to wear their caps and gowns, and one of the most incongruous sights is that of a superior Senior on a bicycle, with her slacks or blue-jeans rolled just below her knees, an academic gown flying behind her, and a mortar board set rakishly on the back of her head!

For over two weeks this semester the whole campus was quarantined—not that the two thousand of us had "the evil" but that the town was suffering from a concatenation of epidemics. To forego a show was sad enough, but to do without morning coffee was the

supreme sacrifice. The shops on Green Street, on the edge of the campus, showed their great ingenuity by serving coffee and sandwiches, cokes and ice cream to rows of girls lined up on the curb on the college side of the road. Some were even seen trying on shoes on the street, or critically eyeing the dresses that the obliging salesladies brought to the doors of their shops. Buying a dress for Junior Prom this year was indeed a novel experience.

In our library there are over six hundred thousand books—all (except those in the Rare Book Room) on open shelves where every student may go and find the book she wishes, either signing it out, or, if it is on reserve, sitting in the reading room to use it. No doubt books disappear—American girls have no longer memories than Canadians—but I know there is more reading done than if the shelves were guarded. Two of the most popular reading rooms have tables enough to seat four hundred girls in each. No one is in charge either here or in the many departmental rooms, yet there is never any noise or disturbance. Public opinion is too strong.

The upper two floors of the library wing are as yet free from book shelves. One has the steel uprights all ready for the shelves, and is popularly known as the "Petrified Forest;" the other, equipped with large round tables and straight-backed leather chairs, is known as the "Beer Garden." Nothing very sinister goes on in either romantic-sounding place, since each is surrounded by offices of the professors!

Graduate study is fascinating and worthwhile, and I wouldn't have missed the experience for anything. Plan now

to have a year of it after you have been away from study for a while. And do come to see me this summer. Since I have accepted a position in Buffalo, I expect to be home reading American literature, but I could be easily lured away from books to talk about Smith College.

My love to you all,

ALLISON GRANT.

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99 Claremont Avenue,  
New York City, N.Y.,  
April 27th, 1942.

Dear Riverbenders:

Greetings to all and my congratulations on what, according to reports, has been a very successful year. I was most interested to receive Helen's informative letter and to hear something of the recent news from her.

To be a student after years of teaching is an excellent idea, both for one's self and one's future students. Isn't it amazing: how unerringly an examiner selects the most difficult and unexpected questions; how the questions on a paper just miss the sections you have so carefully reviewed; how the best laid plans to complete a paper before the zero hour fail of achievement; and how much some people expect one to do? ("Not more than twenty minutes on Algebra," I seem to hear myself say, and yet I strongly suspect myself of expecting everybody to finish the given assignment.) However, even when the "afore-said preoccupation does not win one release from domestic duties" (to misquote *The Ink Spot*—which delightful paper reached me only this morning) this round of scholastic work does bring a joy and a satisfaction, doesn't it? Be honest now!

What shall I tell you of my year outside of these famous "halls of learning"? There have been some excellent plays, a couple of operas, a symphony concert; visits to different national restaurants, the Cloisters, the art gallery, and Radio

City with its famous Rockettes; cycling in Central Park, finger painting, window shopping, and navigating the crowded subways at 6 p.m. Just last night I saw perhaps one of the loveliest sights I have seen since I left home. Having managed to get the ten o'clock instead of the eleven o'clock train from Orange on Sunday, I decided to take the ferry rather than the tube from Hoboken to New York.

A still night, lighted boats plying their course between New Jersey and New York, the bold skyscrapers of the southern Manhattan area etched in brilliant moonlight, how lovely it was! It seemed more like a picture to me than the reality it was. Certainly it was worth the walk of five or six blocks to the subway. But even in the breathlessness of its beauty, one could not forget the world situation. What a perfect night for an air raid . . . and there were just such raids going on in other parts of the world. Our thoughts invariably turn to the world scene these days, don't they, and to our place in searching for a solution to the conflict.

You ask me what has meant most to me in this last year. Without hesitation I say—the people I have met. How I would love to tell you about them! Varying in age, color, nationality and outlook, they have been a joy to know, and I would love to introduce you to some of them but now is not the time for I'm sure the editor will already be culling this lengthy epistle, and I can not bring it to a close without a special word to the graduating class.

I'm sorry to have been away for your Grade XI year; the thought of missing the fellowship of our Scriptures periods almost made me want to stay home! As you set out on your new adventures, I wish for you the same sincerity, courage and enthusiasm that you so frequently showed in our work together in the past. Good Luck!

Best wishes to Vox Fluminis,

SADIE GREGORY.









725 Eglinton Avenue W.,  
Toronto, Ontario,  
April 25th, 1942.

Dear "Vox Fluminis":

A year ago I was urging the editors to rush around and gather more material for the magazine. Each time I met the assistant editor, my salutation was, "Have you written to — for a letter to 'Vox Fluminis'?" Now, that same editor has turned the tables by writing to me for a contribution. In spite of my aversion to writing letters, I welcome this opportunity to say "Hello" and to send best wishes to all the girls at Riverbend.

I have missed my Riverbend friends this year and have welcomed all news of your activities. At my lunch hour, I often meet crowds of students from a Technical school and, when I catch snatches of familiar conversation like, "Who do you think phone me last night?", "Wasn't the Lux program perfect?", "Have you got your Latin done?" —I get quite lonesome for that five minutes to nine chatter.

My present work is considerably different from teaching. I am doing personnel work with a company which operates a munition plant. I spend part of my time at the company's employment office, interviewing women applicants for the work. What a variety of women we meet! Girls just out of school, women who worked on munitions in the last war, nurses, stenographers, hairdressers, teachers, waitresses, soap wrappers, chocolate dippers, power machine operators, box makers—all seeking war work. Having had little contact previously with the industrial world, I have been amazed at the number of different tasks women perform to help produce our common commodities.

As a change from this work, I spend a month at the munition plant. For two weeks, I work from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.; then I spend two weeks on night duty, 10 p.m. to 8 a.m. This night work has been quite an experience—but, unfortunately, it is just as hard to get up after sleeping all day as after sleeping all night! At the plant, the personnel worker is available to the foremen and the workers to hear their complaints and troubles, to investigate them, and to take steps to settle them to the satisfaction of both the worker and the management.

This work has given me a great appreciation of the work women are doing as their share in the war effort. Certainly, many have come into this work from purely mercenary motives, but there are also many others who are sacrificing a great deal in coming long distances to work for long hours to help win the war. This is equally true in the many other munition plants in Toronto and other districts.

You, who are graduating from Riverbend, this year, will soon be faced with the problem of choosing your vocation—of taking further education or of considering your education finished. As the call for women and girls for war work becomes greater, some of you are going to want to get into it quickly. However, from my observation through my work, I feel that education is of very great importance, and that neither you nor the war effort will lose by all who can do so continuing their education and seeking to maintain a high cultural standard.

Now, at the end of the school year, I wish you all good luck on your examinations and a happy holiday. I hope the graduands will find success in whatever they undertake, and that the rest of you will all be back in the fall to keep up the good work at Riverbend.

Yours sincerely,

MARY E. MOFFAT.

Government Laboratory,  
Canadian Industries Ltd.,  
McMasterville, Que.,  
April 26th, 1942.

Dear "Vox Fluminis":

Here it is nearly the end of April and the close of your school year, I hope it has been a very successful and happy year for all of you at Riverbend. To the graduates, I hope that this has been your happiest school year and that graduation may dawn, the best and most memorable day of all.

From the letterhead, some of you will be curious as to what I am doing in Quebec, especially since I left you to go to Ottawa. This has been a year of swift changes for me. To begin with I went to Ottawa for a short training course and then I was sent to work in a munitions plant in Hamilton. Here men and women run the machines turning out the parts of the gun. Women examine these parts for defects and compare them with the blueprints to ensure that the machinist has done his job correctly. To be able to do this I had to study carefully all the blueprints and then I had to learn all I could about the way the gun was assembled, how to fire it, and how to dismantle it. This was to enable me to examine the gun parts and to know exactly where they went on the gun, and how important the various pieces were. This work was certainly very interesting. I learned something else, too, and that was how hard a factory hand has to work in earning his living.

Last October, I was offered a transfer from munitions to explosives, and, since I am very fond of chemistry, I took the transfer and was sent to Niagara Falls to work in the laboratory as a chemist. I was in the Falls for only three months when I was told to leave, on 24 hours' notice, for McMasterville.

I don't think you will be able to find this village on a map, but it is 25 miles south-east of Montreal and is situated on the banks of the Richelieu river. Here we test explosives such as T.N.T., guncotton and cordite to make sure that

they have been properly processed and are acceptable to the government. We have many other materials also of which I can not write, but let me say that it is all very interesting work.

Our social life I can not compare very well with the life I was used to at home. We have a community hall where they have four dances a year, and twice a week, on Tuesday and Saturday, there is a moving picture shown in the hall. Needless to say the pictures are not the most recent ones. In the business district we boast a general store, a barber and shoemaker, a small shoe store, a fruit store, and a bank. There are now four girls in the lab. and we have bought ourselves bicycles so that we will be able to see more of the countryside.

Before I close, let me wish you once again every success this year. I hope Field Day was a success and that Nelson House made its usual good showing. If any of you have occasion to be in Montreal, drop me a line and come out to see me.

Yours sincerely,  
FRANCES ARGYLE.

### SUR UNE GRANDE FERME

Sur la ferme il ya un grand moulin à vent. Près du moulin il y a de grands arbres qui chuchotent avec le vent. Les ailes du moulin tourbillonnent très vite et grincent le grain. Dans le ciel il y a de petits nuages blancs qui traversent le ciel très vite avec de vent.

Près du moulin il y a de grands champs. Les paysans labourent avec des charrues et des bocufs. Le jour est très chaud et les boeufs sont très fatigués. Il fait très beau. Le ciel est bleu et le soleil brille.

A onze heures et demie les paysans et le fermier entrent dans la cuisine pour le déjeuner. Il y a beaucoup de mouton et de légumes sur la table. Les hommes mangent avec faim. Après le déjeuner ils retournent avec plaisir à leur travail.

Ellen Kinneard,  
Grade VIII, York House



# RED CROSS

LONDON—If you could get enough gasoline to drive around Britain, and knew how to thread your way over roads without benefit of signposts, you'd end the trip with the conviction that the Canadian Red Cross certainly is "here."

All over the land, you'd meet Canadian volunteers, or British women connected with the Canadian Red Cross—the old accent of the Maritimes or the West now is set solidly into the British countryside.

In London's devastated East End, children of families that flatly defy Hitler's bombs, play among ruins, dressed in clothes given to them by the Canadian Red Cross. Along the east coast at a place like Great Yarmouth of herring fame, can be seen special Canadian Red Cross canteens for use by the hardy fishers who sweep the North Sea clear of enemy mines. In the county of Kent—Hell's Corner to the newspapermen—the Home Guard are equipped with special medical trucks in which the Canadian Red Cross has had a hand. North, in misty Scottish ports, stout seafarers wear warm seaboot stockings and pullovers that came from the home of Canadian Red Cross workers.

Battered Bristol, on the west coast, sports a Canadian Red Cross mobile kitchen serving hot meals to exhausted fire-fighters or tending civilians minus food and home, pending their location under new roofs. In Plymouth, one of the saddest of the Luftwaffe's victims, a Navy Hostel catering to seadogs on leave, contains many gifts from the Canadian Red Cross. Bomber and fighter stations of the R. C. A. F. hold special foods for pilots and air crews, woollen comforts, hometown newspapers—all from the Canadian Red Cross.

Hospitals, hostels, air raid shelters in

London, Southampton, Dover, Ramsgate, Glasgow, Sheffield, Coventry, Falmouth and many other centres contain quilts, blankets, and other evidences that the Canadian Red Cross has been "here." On Merseyside, in the much-bombed Liverpool area, empty cans show that Canadian Red Cross jam supplies were on the job when homeless civilians needed on-the-spot meals.

Not forgetting the Free French, and other Allies. In the heart of London a Free French naval hospital is equipped with blankets, quilts, bandages and pyjamas supplied by the Canadian Red Cross Society for patients from the Free French naval forces.

Emergency services, these, helping to save lives, helping to buttress morale; the cost of which is a big item in the budget behind the \$9,000,000 appeal the Canadian Red Cross Society will make throughout the Dominion commencing May 11.

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June King (doing Scripture homework at last minute): "In what order do the Gospels come?"

Joan Harris (wearily): "One after the other."

Mother: "And did you behave at school to-day, darling?"

Delphine: "Oh yes, Mummy. Teacher said she never saw a child behave so."

\* \* \*

Betty Leslie: "What makes you think you are smarter than Miss Shepley?"

Betty McGuinness: "Why, she said so herself. She said it was impossible for her to teach me anything."

\* \* \*

Robin Little: "What is that awful odor in the library?"

Valery Rayner: "It must be the dead silence Miss Jackson makes us keep there."

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